

THE CHARLEROI MAIL

VOL. XV. NO. 139.

CHARLEROI, WASHINGTON CO., PA. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1915.

ONE CENT

MURDER CHARGE AGAINST TWO MEN

Coroner's Jury Hears Evidence in Krömer Killing at Monongahela

MATERIAL WITNESSES HELD

Christina Conway and Harry Barton Must Either Furnish Bail or go to Jail to Await Calling of Case in Court.

William Bush and Charles Martin of Monongahela, will have to answer to the charge of the murder of Peter J. Krömer, constable of Carroll township, at the home of Bush in New Eagle borough on the night of Tuesday, January 19. Christina Conway and Harry Barton, who, it is alleged, were in the house at the time of the murder will be held as material witnesses in the case.

Such was the decision of the jury of six persons who investigated the circumstances of the murder of Constable Krömer, at an inquest held in the Beabout & Yohe undertaking rooms in Monongahela Wednesday.

The inquest was in charge of Coroner James T. Heffran. District Attorney Miller represented the commonwealth in the case, and William Bush was represented by Attorney Harry F. Moore. The jury recommended that Bush and Martin be held to answer to the charge of murder, and that the Conway woman and Harry Barton be held as material witnesses. They may be liberated if they can secure satisfactory bail.

Witnesses who testified as to the time of the shooting differed materially a few testifying that it was at 7:35 o'clock and other that it was at 7:55 o'clock. Two witnesses testified that they saw William Bush, who it is claimed did the shooting, coming to Monongahela at 20 minutes before 8 o'clock the same evening.

The testimony of the Conway woman and Barton was practically the same. It was to the effect that Barton had been at the Bush house from Friday afternoon until Saturday night and returned Sunday and was present when the shooting took place. "Judy" Martin, and the Conway girl, it was testified had a fight. In the evening Bush locked the door of the room which Barton and the girl were occupying. The girl and Barton heard someone coming up the walk, and a moment later the shooting occurred. The girl was at the window and she screamed, both she and Barton testified that someone had been shot.

DEEDS RECORDED FOR CHARLEROI PROPERTY

Adam Bachman et ux, Pittsburgh to Eugene J. Charles, Charleroi, a lot fronting 25 feet on Meadow avenue, Charleroi and extending back 114 feet; consideration \$1.

Eugene J. Charles et ux, Charleroi to Elsie Vanklemputte, Charleroi, a lot fronting 30 feet on Meadow avenue, Charleroi and extending back 115 feet; consideration \$1,000.

Dominico Malizia et ux, to Frank Romit, Charleroi, a lot fronting 57 feet on Luella avenue, Charleroi, and extending back 130.82 feet; consideration \$1,275.

MUCH EXCITEMENT BUT NO FIRE WEDNESDAY EVENING

Smoke From Furnace Fire Belching From Chimney of Masonic Building Frightens Youth.

The appearance of heavy smoke rolling apparently from the top of the Masonic building on McKean avenue was too much for a McKean avenue young man Wednesday night, and dreaming of a conflagration like that recently at the Hotel Charleroi he excitedly rang alarm No. 16 from Fifth street and McKean.

The fire department hastily got on the scene and found the trouble existed in the basement of the Berryman store. All it was, a worn piece of linoleum had been placed in the furnace by the manager of the store. Heavy smoke was created and the atmosphere was light so that it rolled down to the street from the chimney. There was no fire, but there was lots of excitement.

CLERK IS ARRESTED ON CHARGE OF ARSON

Blaze in Cokeburg Store Discovered Just in Time to Save Establishment From Destruction—Is a Sensational Affair.

Fire was discovered in the clothing and men's furnishing store of Richard Hersch at Cokeburg Wednesday and fortunately the flames were extinguished before much damage was done. The clerk in the store has been arrested, charged with firing the establishment.

The building which is a two-story stone and owned by Joseph Bellasara is occupied by the Hersch Clothing store on the first floor while Mr. Bellasara and family occupy the second story as living apartments.

Mr. Bellasara was awakened by the smell of smoke. He hurriedly dressed and on reaching the first floor found the building in flames. He forced the door and was dumbfounded it is said to find the clerk of the store inside with four gas jets turned on and a huge fire built around the door. At the back door a quantity of goods which he wished to save from the fire was stacked up and the clerk whose name could not be learned, it is said, was only waiting until the flames had gotten some headway before he removed the goods from the building.

Mr. Bellasara with the assistance of his son soon extinguished the flames and then getting an officer had the clerk arrested charged with arson. He will later be given a hearing at Bentleyville.

Dancing in Micht's Auditorium. Dancing every Saturday evening at Micht's Auditorium. Music by Tuccelli's orchestra. Thursday dances will be discontinued during Lent.

198-139

Return engagement, March 1, "Tales Punctured Romance," Coyle Theatre.

179-17

Until recently all miners' safety lamps used in the United States except those burning kerosene were of foreign manufacturer, but two American naphtha lamps have been perfected.

VAUDEVILLE AT THE PALACE THEATRE TONIGHT

IT is a matter of wisdom to place your savings in a strong Bank rather than be influenced by uncertain speculation.

The First National Bank guarantees the Safety of Deposits, and

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Republican Newspaper

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RAILROADS AND THE PUBLIC.

The eastern railroads are making such an earnest, whole-souled campaign for the repeal of the full crew law in this state that the public is bound to be impressed. For the first time in history, perhaps, the railroads are taking the public into their confidence and are endeavoring through such means to obtain their heartfelt desires.

Railroads felt their toes pretty severely tramped on a year or more ago, and have been squealing ever since. First, the Interstate Commerce Commission declined to rush into any declaration of advanced rates and secondly, the state of Pennsylvania and other states passed full crew laws.

Subsequently, to delve into recent history, the Interstate Commerce Commission agreed upon a rate increase. This was to be followed by a brightening of the industrial skies and to a certain extent admittedly has been. The railroads have given evidence of the right spirit by helping along the wave of prosperity in their own affairs. But now they want the full crew law in this state repealed, alleging it is an economic waste, a hardship and an actual detriment.

Probably in the light of present day knowledge, a great many of us would agree offhand that the full crew law is working poorly. The railroads claim men not needed are compelled to be carried on many trains. This applies chiefly to long main line runs, where stops are infrequent. This being true, it follows that the loss must be made up in some other way, and the railroad takes the convenient method of cutting down on its passenger trains; that is cutting off cars, and thereby reducing the size of the crews.

Experience has proven that the railroads are inclined these days to take pretty good care of their rolling stock and their men, realizing the value of good equipment and competent crews. The safety first movement is being encouraged and figures give indication that the full crew law has not answered the purpose of reducing fatalities, if our authority is good.

Perhaps the legislature might make over the law, if it doesn't like the idea of entire repeal, putting some real system into the thing, and making it fair alike to all parties. Since the railroad is taking the public into its confidence, it is only fair that it be taken into the public's confidence as it is only fair that the railroad receive fair and just treatment in the present instance.

THE WEATHER.

Training camp news hasn't read well within the last several days, and it hasn't been very hard to dream longingly of mid-season games and out-of-door play for the balmy spring-like weather has offered plenty of encouragement for just this sort of thing. But just as like as not we will be stoking furnaces tomorrow with renewed vigor, and wondering whatever possessed us to think the groundhog was a prevaricator and spring was here.

During the several days of warmth and sunshine unseasonable buds began to show and things of nature sprouted forth. Yet winter is still here, and likely to remain for quite awhile. The groundhog theory may yet be found half-way right.

We Recommend That You Use

Rexall

"93" Hair Tonic

Carroll's Drug Store.

Nature never permits liberties. Whatever has been done will be paid for. By all rights those buds should not have sprouted. The frost is too sure to come, and we suspect there will be considerable nipping going on several weeks from now. Then the crops may be poor and all the satisfaction we can get is that of the memory of the pleasant February weather.

Electric Sparks

No press notoriety is needed when some people make demonstrations.

Unusual Happening. Fairhaunce has a popular undertaker.

The man who imitates one he disrespects must be a whatist too.

There are 67 bird reserves in the United States, not counting the carry bird stores.

The trouble with too many eggs is that they are in the senior class.

Some men never deliberate until they get on the jury, and not much then.

How do they expect us neutrals to tell the nationality of one of those mines after it blows up a ship?

PICKED UP IN PASSING

O Evans Nikesell, county sealer of weights and measures was in town Wednesday and gave to the Mail the following clipping from the Dillon, Montana Standard for the "Picked Up in Passing" column:

A city man recently visited his country cousin. The man from the city, wishing to explain the joys of the metropolitan life, said: "We have certainly been having fun the last few days. Thursday we autoed to the Country Club and golfed until dark, then trilled back to town and danced until morning." The country cousin was not to be stampeded in the least so began telling of some of the pleasures of the simple life.

"We have some pretty good times here, too. One day we bugged out to Uncle Ned's and went to the back lot, where he baseballled all that afternoon. In the evening we sneaked up into the attic and pokered until morning."

A sturdy old farmer who was listening, not to be outdone, took up the conversation at this point and said: "I was having some fun about that time myself. I muled to the cornfield and gee-hawed until sun-down. Then I supped until dark and piped until 9 o'clock, after which I bedsteaded until the clock fixed, after which I breakfasted until it was time to go muling again."

An old lady who had never patronized the movies before ventured inside. One of the plays depicted Mary Pickford as a servant treated as a drudge by her employer.

Mary Pickford's acting appealed to her so much that as the manager passed by her seat, she accosted him. "I want the address of that poor thing," she said. "I'm going to write her straight away and offer her a home where she will be properly treated. What salary do you think I'd better offer?"

When he acquainted her with the amount that Miss Pickford would probably expect, the old lady gasped for breath. Then the manager informed her that it was only a play. "I can't believe it," she remarked, "the child was too badly treated. It worries me to think of her."

PERSONALS

Miss Bertha Sloan, of Marietta, O., is the sister of Miss Helen Darby.

Miss Helen Darby has returned from the east where she has been purchasing millinery supplies for Russell's Millinery of Uniontown. Miss Darby has accepted a position with this firm and will take up her duties in the near future.

Guy Woodward was a caller in Pittsburgh Thursday.

Christopher Brown, Jr., were in Pittsburgh. Christopher Brown, Jr., was in Pittsburgh Thursday.

Lawrence Frys is in Brownsville attending a convention of the tri-County Funeral directors.

R. Green, a conductor in the interurban between Charleroi and Pittsburgh, is spending a few weeks at Mount Clemens for the baths, this being his first visit to the Michigan resort. He expects to be absent about three weeks.

We Recommend That You Use

Bits of Byplay

By Luke McLuke

Copyright, 1915, the Cincinnati Enquirer

Oh, Very Well!

"To tell the truth, I'm a silly fellow," remarked Old Mr. Spike.

"But if you want a story to write, just leave me alone."

Paw Knows Everything.

Willie-Paw is honest the best pony?

Pa—They say it is, my son. But a whole lot of people are from Missouri.

The Echo.

To me, the Echo, you're as sweet As any music I have heard.

For you're the only thing can beat A woman out of the last word.

Giddap!

"Is there any connecting link between the animal and vegetable kingdoms?" asked the old fogey.

"Sure there is!" replied the grouch.

"What's the matter with hash?"

My Word!

A motorcar head in the Bronx.

Liked to stand nervous folks off their cows.

He would work his big horn.

And scare you to death with his hoix.

Weakness.

"Young man," said the judge, "you admit stealing 1,200 pounds of lead pipe from Mr. Junk. What caused you to do this?"

"Your honor," replied the prisoner.

"I did it in a moment of weakness."

"Weakness," exclaimed Mr. Junk.

"Well, I'm glad he wasn't feeling strong when he was in my store."

Correct.

If epitaphs all told the truth, No matter what your rank, I am afraid that we would find Most tombstones would be blank.

Was Mrs. Pearson a Corn Fed?

Glimming up the stairs that descended from the upper regions, she gave a sigh of relief when Mrs. Pearson's skirts appeared accompanied by a pair of masculine legs—American Cookery.

Names Is Names.

C. A. Leeg has offices at 5014 Fifth avenue, New York city.

Wise Old Matthew.

Dear Luke—Matthew Prior was the Luke McLuke of his period. I cull the following from a book written by Matthew in 1690—"Rings."

When Luke thought fit from the world to retire.

As full of champagne as an egg's full of meat.

He woke in the boat and to Charon he said,

He would be rowed back, for he was not yet dead.

"Take the boat and sit quiet," sternly Charon replied.

"You may have forgotten you were drunk when you died."

Bill Is Copping Out Luke's Stuff.

The average society woman is a mere flip. If you kiss her you would die of painter's colic in twenty-four hours—Billy Sunday in a Philadelphia Sun.

Things to Worry About.

The price of black opals is going up.

Yep. We Are Getting Scarce!

The wise man is the one who knows how little he knows.—Cincinnati Enquirer. Only a few of us left—New York Evening Telegram.

Our Daily Special.

Publicity is the mother of success.

Luke McLuke Says:

If we grow wiser as we grow wiser the people who manufacture hair restores would starve to death.

I want the address of that poor thing," she said. "I'm going to write her straight away and offer her a home where she will be properly treated. What salary do you think I'd better offer?"

They claim that house will not evaporate in glass. But just open a quart of it and let it stand around the house for awhile, and watch how rapidly it will disappear.

If we had the power to see ourselves as others see us the tango wouldn't be as popular as it is.

When other people need matches you always seem to have them. But when you need a match other people are out of them too.

Government meat inspectors have to discriminate. But all corn feeds look good to the meat inspectors who stand on the corners and make comparisons.

Despite the statement to the contrary, the man who has a wife and a baby is compelled to serve two masters.

The old fashioned women who had

so many children that she didn't know

what to do now has a married daughter who thinks that it is awful bad

form to have babies yelling around the house.

The fellow with the fringes on the bottom of his pants can always tell

you that success is merely a matter of luck.

Nearly every woman feels sorry for some other woman's husband.

A whole lot of men read the weather forecast every day solely because they hope to catch the forecaster in a lie.

If a woman gets hold of a check for \$5 she hustles downtown at 8 o'clock in the morning to get it cashed before the bank runs out of money.

Many an old hen makes a goose of herself in public by trying to act like a chicken.

SHADOW PICTURES.

The Silhouette as the Origin of All Pictorial Art.

In the year 1769, when Etienne de Silhouette was minister of finance under Louis XV., a man whose name has not been preserved started in Paris an exhibition that he called Chinese shadows. This consisted in throwing upon a sheet the black outlines of men or objects and making these shadows take part in a play. It so happened that at this time Silhouette was unpopular. He had spent many years in England and had returned to his native country greatly impressed with English methods of public economy. Undertaking to apply these principles to French finances, he met with decided disapproval by the Parisians. But little thanks did he get except to have his efforts branded as parsimonious.

Some one recited that M. de Silhouette had written a book, "A General Idea For the Government of the Chinese," in which he exploited his economical theories. The popularity of the Chinese shadows was responsible for the jibe that Silhouette had issued the book as an advance notice for the show; hence the shadows were called silhouettes, and the name was naturally extended to portraits that were then coming into vogue, in which were presented only the outlines of faces and figures filled in with black.

Though the fashion and the name of the silhouette are of comparatively recent origin, the art itself is ancient. It was used by Egyptian potters eight centuries before Christ, and a classic legend, which has been illustrated by Benjamin West in a famous picture called "The Origin of Painting," claimed that all pictorial art originated in an attempt to paint the fleeting shadows of men and women as they fell upon a wall or a blank space.—Detroit Free Press.

DAY OF THE QUILL PEN.

When Writing Paper Was Poor and Envelopes Were Unknown.

The constant mending required by quill pens must have proved a severe trial in the days when no others were available, says the London Chronicle. Alexander I. of Russia thought it necessary to employ a man whose sole duty consisted in cutting pens. He was required to have a supply of not less than 100 quills always ready.

This number was by no means excessive, for Alexander would never use the same pen twice. Even the writing of a signature spoiled a pen, in his opinion, for subsequent use. The quill cutter, who received a salary of £540 a year, accompanied the czar on all his journeys, including campaigns against Napoleon.

Writing implements changed considerably for the better during Sir Walter Gilbey's long spell of life. "Though quill pens are still in use," he remarks in his "Recollections of Seventy Years," "I remember the time when one seldom saw any other kind. Steel pens in their early days were expensive and ill made, and few people used them. The paper we had seventy years ago may have been partly to blame. It had neither the substance nor the surface we take as a matter of course nowadays."

"I remember when envelopes came into use, and what a boon they were considered after the old system of closing letters with wafers or wax. Before envelopes were invented letters were always written with an eye to the position of the wafer or seal, a blank space being left to correspond with the space where this would be put on the outside, lest the written portion should be torn in opening."—New York Sun.

Pins.

It seemed as if it would take a whole paper of pins to mend the torn dress. The wearer appealed to her car neighbor.

"Have you any pins?" she asked.

The woman had none, but passed the query on, and in a little while every passenger was feeling along concealed edges and turning back lapels. In all, sixteen pins were produced. Fourteen were contributed by men.

"We never need them as much as the women, but somehow we carry them and the women don't," said one of the male passengers.—New York Post.

Curious Legend.

At Penswick chuchyard, a pretty spot between Shropshire and Gloucester, England, there are ninety-nine yew trees. The hundredth always dies though it has been planted many times. A local story says that "when the hundredth lives after it has been planted the world will end."

Slitting a Pen.

The center slit in a pen is cut by a machine which seems almost to think. It consists of two chisel which barely pass each other when the slit is

Joseph Horne Co.

A Court 3000

Joseph Horne Co.

A Court 3000

PICTURES OF BATTLES.

Warfare Has Always Been a Popular Subject For Artists.

From the earliest days of history war has given inspiration to the artist, and the work of his art descends down to us on the walls of ancient Egypt, worn with the passing of thousands of years; from the ruined temples of antique Greece, built centuries before the Christian era. The picture writing of primitive and savage peoples describes exploits of war; many archaic war pictures, brought to view after ages of burial under desert sands, bear much similarity to Indian drawings of our own near time and land.

Once, years ago, away up on the Poplar river, in Montana, I bought—bartered for, I suppose I should say, as the purchase was made mostly by the medium of tea, tobacco and sugar—a “painted” robe right off the back of the war chief of a band of Yankton Sioux our troops had “rounded up” and brought into the agency. The skin was a fine “black bull,” tanned on the underside to the softness of the finest chamois leather and decorated with naive pictorial representations of the deeds of war of old Kill-Them-In-a-Hole—as the soldiers translated the name given the chief from some episode in his murderous career—which in color, in grace and firmness of line were curiously like pictures from the pencil of some artist of the Egypt of old.

The glory of war is the theme: the exaltation of the sovereign, the conqueror, forms the chief motive of the war picture of antiquity. The monarch was the hero before whose terrible sword all foes gave way, to whom victory came through his personal might and prowess. The warriors of the Greeks are shown as models of virile strength and grace; their attitudes in the fury of combat lost nothing of artistic beauty in the realism of the rendering. The influence of the Greek masters of their art is evident in battle pictures of a time two score and more centuries later.—Rufus Fairchild Zogbaum in Scribner's.

MEDIEVAL PUNISHMENTS.

Queer Old Laws of England That Have Never Been Revoked.

Although the stocks, like the pillory and the ducking stool, have been done away with, a lot of punishments survive in England which are every bit as medieval.

The most ludicrous of these exist in the two services—the army and navy—which were renowned in the past for the cruelties practiced in them in the name of justice. “Keelhauling” as carried out in the navy used, of course, to amount to execution by drowning, while in the army “running the gauntlet” was a popular way of punishing troublesome soldiers.

Here is another queer punishment which never has been removed from the statute book. If you are motorizing or driving in England beware lest you run over anybody, for if you do so and cause his death your motorcar or carriage can be confiscated. Even a falling tree that caused the death of a human being can be taken from its owner.

The strangest punishment which still survives under modern law in England is that of “outlawry.” Only a few years ago—in 1906 to be exact—a lawyer charged with forging a check was “outlawed” in the Glasgow high court. By this sentence the person of the accused is declared forfeit. He cannot bear testimony in a court nor sue nor defend an action. He cannot act on a jury nor vote at an election nor act as tutor or guardian to another person. If any one robs him he has no redress. If any one kills him it seems rather doubtful if that person can be hanged.

Pearson's Weekly.

One of New York's Tiny Streets. New York has some queer streets, and Edgar street is one of them. It has been built up solidly on both sides from end to end for generations, but it has no numbers, and no one lives on it, and no one does business there. The letter carrier never stops. It has only one door, and that is kept locked and never used. Fifteen long steps take one along the sidewalk from one end to the other. Queer little thoroughfare is Edgar street, lying between Broadway and the Hudson, below Rector street, in oldest old New York.—New York World.

The Question Box.

What kind of glue should I use to make a yardstick?—A. B. C.

Please tell me how to tighten a bickory nut.—F. M. F.

Why is it I cannot get any music from a handbox?—Mrs. J. G.

Can you tell me why it is that a fire breaks out at the start and goes out at the finish?—Helen M.

How can I sharpen a Norman grater?—Mrs. S.—Wisconsin State Journal.

Terrorized.

Binks—Why, where's the breakfast? Mrs. Binks—Hush, dear! The cook ate it.

Rinks—What? Ate it all? Mrs. Binks—Yes, dear. We mustn't say anything, I think cook is just the sort of woman who would go round and say we starved out help.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

“Crabbed Age and Youth.”

“Now, Thomas,” said the teacher, can you explain the adage, ‘Old men for council and young men for war?’

“It means,” replied Thomas, “that the old men do the quarreling and then let the young men do the fighting”—London Fun.

A Pirate's Brutal Remark.

Captain Kidd buried his treasure.

If I were Mrs. Kidd, I would hide it in the top bureau drawer,” he asserted.—New York Sun.

Is Your Pocketbook Sick?

Intrust it to our care and we will nurse it back to health and a good appetite.

Try Advertising

Your purse will soon take on a prosperous appearance.

An inch of space in this paper is worth a bushel of other remedies.

For Business Dullness Advertising Pays.

You Need Us
AND
We Need You

Our interests are mutual. Neither can be successful without benefiting the other; neither can fall without harming the other. We will do all we can to aid you in building up the town and in thus increasing your business opportunities and your profits. Our advertising columns are at your service, and if you use them they will pay you, thus help us help the town by helping yourself.

Don't forget that we do all sorts of JOB PRINTING at prices as low as good quality and first class workmanship will permit.

SUCCESS and ADVERTISING

Go together. The most successful merchants in this town, in every town, are the most persistent and extensive advertisers.

CAUSE and EFFECT

In these cases the advertising is the cause; the successful business is the effect. One follows the other as certainly as day follows night.

Our advertising columns are at your service.

That Letter—

You never received a reply to it, and you wonder if it was delivered or if it was lost. If your name and address had been on the envelope it would have been returned to you if the addressee could not be found.

Let us show you how cheap we can print 500 or 1,000 envelopes. We will also print letterheads. The material, workmanship and price will be right.



The Eagle flies
high, sure and strong.
We use it as
typical of the
great, sure and dependable
values in this
Sale.

Announcement

Of the Most Important Special Sale of Our Year

Starting Tuesday, March 2, and Continuing Through
Saturday, March 13, We Will Hold Our

66th Anniversary Sale

Distance from Pittsburgh does not prevent thousands of you and your friends from attending this tremendous selling occasion. And you know from past Anniversary Sales that the Joseph Horne Co., of Pittsburgh, always sells the best kind of fine merchandise at astoundingly low prices.

Plan to be in Pittsburgh the first day of this sale—Tuesday, March 2. Look at the calendar. That's only a few days away. Wonderful values and enormous quantities of new things at the lowest of prices.

Joseph Horne Co. guarantee with everything you buy.

JOSEPH HORNE COMPANY PITTSBURGH

NORTH CHARLEROI

Mrs. Charles Heath of Donora was a recent caller.

Mrs. Elsie Claybaugh of Fayette City spent Wednesday with her sister Mrs. Charles Booth.

Frank and Clell Baldwin of Donora spent Sunday here.

Miss Nellie Sauerwein returned to South West after visiting her sister, Mrs. C. A. Fortney.

James Nichols of McKeesport visited Mrs. George Gillis.

Robert Whigham is visiting his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. William Whigham of California.

Our Advice is:
When you feel out of sorts from constipation, let us say that if

Rexall Orderlies
do not relieve you, see a physician, because no other home remedy will. Sold only by us, 10 cents.

Carroll's Drug Store.

Mrs. John Myers spent Wednesday in Pittsburgh.

Little Mary Louise Fortney is ill at her home.

Mrs. John Pinyerd is visiting with friends in Pittsburgh.

Mr. and Mrs. William Whigham of California spent a day of this week with their sons Fred and William.

Mrs. George Gillis and daughter, Vera spent Sunday with the latter's grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. John Nichols of McKeesport.

Mrs. George Dennis visited relatives in Donora.

Mr. and Mrs. Everett Harris of Coraopolis were guests of the former's sister, Mrs. Eli Crable.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Bosworth of Pittsburgh spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Bosworth.

Edward Newell called on friends Belle Vernon Sunday.

One of the newer railroad signaling devices, a Massachusetts man's invention, lights a series of torches along a track automatically if an engineer passes a danger signal.

Mahieu's Specials.

Grape fruits, 9 for 25c.
Choice apples, peck 25c.
Black Walnuts, 6lbs for 25c.

Fancy Creamery butter, per lb 35c.
Pure cane sugar, per 25lb sack \$1.55.
25lb sack Golden Crescent flour 95c.

Lemons per dozen 15c.

Fresh laid eggs dozen 32c.

317 Fifth Street. 199-t2

In the interest of cleanliness an Iowa inventor has patented a wire frame to hold a milk pail up from the ground.

A motorcycle for two persons who occupy chair seats, one behind the other, instead of saddles has been patented.

People Say To Us
“I cannot eat this or that food, it does not agree with me.” Our advice to all of them is to take a **Rexall Dyspepsia Tablet** before and after each meal. 25c a box. Carroll's Drug Store.

CHARLEROI DEFEATED ON THE JEANNETTE FLOOR

Locals Go Down to 33-26 Defeat
Brickley One of the Stars of the
Contest, Having Caged Six Field
Goals.

Charleroi's basketball team of the West Penn league was defeated by Jeannette at Jeannette Wednesday evening by the score of 33 to 26. Brickley was one of the big stars of the contest, caging six field goals.

Lineup:

Jeannette—33 Charleroi—26

Davis F. Brickley F.

Kummer F. Stark F.

Cook C. Kerfoot C.

Goode G. A. Brown C. Brown

Carson G. C. Brown

Field goals—Kummer 2, Cook 2,

Goode 6, Carson 2, Brickley 6, Stark 2,

A. Brown, C. Brown 2. Foul goals—

Kummer 11 out of 14, Stark 6 out

of 14. Referee—Weitzel.

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Values That Appeal

TO BUYERS OF LADIES' SUITS AND COATS

Extra-ordinary price concessions on quality merchandise that will appeal to all thrifty women. In suits at \$5.00, \$9.50, \$12.50 and \$15.00 there's no need to be without a new suit. At \$5.00 and \$7.50 you get choice of some real live bargains.

\$9.50 buys any of our extra quality suits worth \$12.50, \$15, \$18 & \$20

\$12.50 buys any one of our splendid popular priced models that sold for \$25 and \$27.50

\$15.00 gives you choice of our best suits that sold for \$30 & \$35

\$2.00 will get you one of a lot of winter coats, for children 3 to 14 yrs.

\$5.00 allows pick of a lot of splendid values in coats worth double and more.

\$7.50 At this price we are showing an immense line of handsome coats worth up to \$25.00

ALL OTHER COATS GO AT ONE-THIRD OFF

\$5.00 SUIT SALE For \$5.00 you can get choice of a lot of all wool suits carried over from last season, most of them valued at 20.00, 25.00, 27.50 and 30.00. 'Tis your great chance. Buy now.

BERRYMAN'S

IMPROVEMENTS BEFORE WASTE

CLASSIFIED!

FOR SALE—Two flat top writing desks. Inquire of Frank Riva. 193tf

FOR SALE—New house of six rooms, bath, furnace, all convenient. \$200 or \$100 less if \$1200 is paid in cash. R. L. Peterman, Fifth and Center, North Charleroi, Pa. 197-t5p

FOR SALE—Five room house located on McKean avenue. Part cash balance mortgage. Inquire of E. J. Charles, Savings & Trust Realty Co. 197-t3

WANTED—Girl for general house-work. Must be good girl. No other need apply. Call at 218 Washington avenue. 198-tf

FOR RENT—Three rooms, bath and laundry, 619 Fallowfield avenue. 198tf

FOR RENT—Office rooms in the Fau building, one room or in suite of 2 or 3 rooms, ready April 1, 1915. People's Realty Company, Charleroi, Pa. 187M-T

FOR RENT—Five roomed house. Inquire at 507 Crest avenue. 199-t3p

MUST KEEP UP

Continued from page one.

been arranged for Friday morning: At the home of Mrs. H. M. Furnier, 215 McKean avenue; at the home of Mrs. John Snyder, 818 Shady avenue; Mrs. D. N. Hall, 103 Prospect avenue; at the home of Mrs. Otto Dorbritz, 614 Washington avenue; at the home of Mrs. George Kenyon, Fourth street, North Charleroi.

Following is the synopsis of the sermon of Wednesday evening delivered by Evangelist Minges:

Balancing Up the Books.

What are you doing with yesterday? Some of you fellows may look all right now, but you will look like 13 cents in the judgment. Once I saw a large tree which I greatly admired. A man came along with a hook and jerked the bark off, and found it was full of worm holes. That's the way with some of you fellows. When God jerks the bark off you will be full of worm holes. What is the record of yesterday's page? Tomorrow's page is clear now. What will tomorrow night show for you? If you yield today, it will be harder to live tomorrow.

Some of you fellows are figuring on tomorrow, but what about today? If you say from today on I'm going to pay all my debts that doesn't settle your back debts. What are you

going to do about the past? There is nothing but the blood of Jesus Christ that can cover the past. If you do right you make it easier for another to do right and harder to do wrong. The trouble is we Christians go so far with the worldly man it makes it easy for him to do the wrong.

The devil doesn't say there is no God, nor that there is no Bible, but he says there is a God and there is a Bible which is true, but yet there is time.

Arms and the Woman.

"Did anybody ever see a one armed woman?" asked a gray headed man as he surveyed the afternoon parade. "I never did. Almost every day I meet one armed men, but I have yet to encounter a woman with that pitifully empty sleeve. Are there no women who have suffered that mutilation? It not, why not? And, if so, where are they? Yesterday I heard it argued that there was no cause for a woman to lose an arm; that women do not go to the wars and are not engaged in occupations that are likely to carry away a part of their body. But that reasoning is not sound. Many women work in mills and factories, and they are as liable to accidents in the streets and public conveyances as men. Frequently they figure in these accidents; but although men in the same situation would lose an arm, women never do. What is the cause of their immunity?" —New York Globe.

Byron at Ostend.

At one time Ostend was a great fortress looking out over the North sea through her menacing tophole upon the seas of Vikings. A century ago Byron made his memorable flight not from, but to Ostend, in terror of vandal bailiffs who were laying siege to his mansion in Piccadilly. The poet made the journey to Dover in his magnificent £500 coach, but had to wait until a storm abated before the mail packet felt it safe to set sail. That Byron was far from seasickness in his crossing "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage" testifies.—London Standard.

The Pessimist Says:

If Opportunity had enjoyed the advantage of a modern course in business efficiency it wouldn't leave a man's door after knocking a single time. It would leave one of these intermittent alarm clocks.—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Quite Safe.

"What did that man want with you, Henry?"

"He was after my scalp."

"Goodness gracious!"

"Don't be the least bit frightened. He's only a hair specialist."—Baltimore American.

Retribution.

Today the boy who is sassing mother will grow up and marry a woman who will not stand for any pert talk.—New Orleans State.

Opulence.

"Opulence" once signified nothing more than "to be at the harbor." An opulence ship was a ship which had come to port.

Volcanoes in New Zealand. New Zealand's volcanic phenomena are accounted for in the Maori legends in the following manner: One of the first chiefs to reach New Zealand from the ancient home in Hawaiki brought with him a trusted follower, Ngauruhoe, with whom he set out to examine the country. When they reached the highest peak they suffered much from cold, and the chief shouted to his sister on a far distant island to send some of the fire which had been brought in canoes from Hawaiki. This fire immediately came in a southwest gale, subterraneously bursting forth on the summit where the chief and his follower sat freezing. It arrived in time to save the life of the former, but not that of Ngauruhoe, whose name is commemorated in the highest peak of the Tongariro mountains. Geysers, hot springs and fumaroles mark the course of the subterranean passage. Mount Egmont stands in solitary grandeur because he, as one of the three giants, quarreled with the other two, Tongariro and Ruapehu, and had to fly to the coast to escape their wrath.

A Pretty Compliment.

The "three beautiful Miss Gunning" were in their day—which was after the middle of the eighteenth century—such famous beauties that the London crowd often followed their carriages on the street and fairly mobbed any shop they were known to have entered in the effort to get a sight of them. The handsomest of the trio, worn out by the activities of the London season, stayed for a time in the country near a market town. It was known in the neighborhood that she wished to pass unnoticed and was not well, and her wish was respected. But on the day of her departure from the town there was an unusual number of people at hand to see the coach start. As the lovely lady stepped from the inn door to the step of the coach the branch of a climbing rose caught in her hair. Instantly a voice called from the crowd:

"No names, my lads, and no staring, but three cheers for the queen of beauty that the roses crown of their selves!"

They were given with a will and won the response of a radiant face at the coach window and a gracious hand waving farewell.

America Not So Big.

On the steamer off the west coast of Africa I picked up an acquaintance with an Englishman who had come aboard somewhere along the Gold Coast. After the usual commonplace he drawled, "You are an American?"

I admitted the soft impeachment. "Did you ever meet an Englishman over there named Jessup?" was his next query.

I always take Englishmen seriously, so instead of rolling my eyes and explaining what a large country America is, I told him the truth about all the Jessups I happened to know. There were two—one was a steel agent in New York city and the other was a Y. M. C. A. secretary in Summit, N. J.

"That's the chap," said the Briton, unexpectedly. "Be used to live next door to me in Birmingham."

And he did, you know. And I couldn't keep up my pretense that America was a big country after that.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Eugene Field and Children.

"It was children whom Field loved best," says Miss Hildegard Haworth in St. Nicholas, "and he would take all sorts of trouble to make a child happy. His room was crowded with toys, queer dolls, funny little mechanical toys that ran about or boxed or nodded strange heads or performed tricks. His study door was never shut to a child, and he had many child friends his family knew nothing of. His brother tells how a few hours after his death a little crippled boy came to the door and asked if he might go up and see Mr. Field. He was taken into the room where the gentle, much loved figure lay and slept there. In a little while he came limping downstairs, the tears streaming down his cheeks, and went silently away, known to nobody there."

No Explanations Needed.

The lady jury was out longer than the importance of the case would warrant.

The judge grew impatient. "What's the trouble in there?" he said to the bailiff.

"I'll see," replied the bailiff.

"Hold on," cried the judge. "Tell us if there's any knotty points about the case that bother them they should appeal to me."

"Yes, your honor."

The bailiff goes to the door of the jury room and returns.

"Well?"

"They ain't got to the case yet, your honor. They're still discussin' th' plaintiff's clothes." —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The High Seas.

The "high seas" is a term signifying the entire marine expanse, so far as it is not the exclusive property of any particular country. The rule of international law is that every country bordering on the sea has the exclusive sovereignty over such sea to the extent of three miles from its shore, but all beyond and which is not within three miles of some other country is open or common to all countries.

His First Case.

The young attorney had hung out his shingle but a week before, and when a friend met him in the corridor of the courthouse the friend exclaimed: "Ah! Have you landed a client already?"

"Yes," replied the young attorney. "My tailor is suing me." —Cincinnati Enquirer.

Sharpening a Worn File.

"When a file gets dull," said the master mechanic, "you can restore its effectiveness by pouring a little oil over it. This roughens the raised parts and deepens the sunk parts so that it will again grip your nails or cut a bar of iron."

Paradoxical Energy.

"People who speak English do funny things, don't they?"

"How so?"

"Why, they put stops on organs to make them go." —Baltimore American.

Before and After.

"A woman is as old as she looks," quoted the wise guy.

"Before or after she is dressed to go out?" queried the simple mug.—Philadelphia Record.

Long Felt Want.

Woman—Have you no relatives? Tramp—I plenty! What I lack is "yes" relatives when I need a loan.—New York Globe.

Know this—that every country can produce good men.—Lessing.

The Time to Break It.

There is an anecdote in some volume of French theatrical memoirs narrating an experience of Mlle. Clairon, the great tragic actress, with a pupil of hers, a girl of strong natural gifts for the dramatic art, but too frequent and too exuberant in her gesticulation. So when the pupil was once to appear before the public in a recitation Mlle. Clairon bound the girl's arms to her side by a stiff thread and sent her thus upon the stage.

With the first strong feeling she had to express the pupil tried to raise her arms only to be restrained by the thread. A dozen times in the course of her recitation she was prevented from making the gestures she desired until at the very end she could stand it no longer, and in the climax of her emotion she broke her bonds and swung her hands to her head.

When she came off the stage she went humbly to where Mlle. Clairon was standing in the wings and apologized for having snapped the thread.

"But you did quite right," said the teacher. "That was the time to make the gesture, not before."

When Earthquakes Come.

That animals are sensitive to the approach of earthquakes is a fact frequently observed, and the more recent seismic troubles in various countries give numerous examples of this singular faculty which many animals possess. For instance, in Japan horses set up an unusual agitation whenever a seismic shock is near at hand. In Central America dogs and cats flee from houses, and the inhabitants have become so accustomed to this that they follow the example of the animals and leave their dwellings so as to escape danger.

In Italy it has been observed that birds left their nests and flew up to a great height in the air, but this without noise before the earthquake took place. However, at the time when the earthquake shocks were produced the birds uttered cries which lasted for all the duration of the earthquake.

It is asserted that in Sicily cocks crow and dogs howl just before an earthquake.—Chicago News.

Power of the Supreme Court.

"The supreme court of the United States," writes Christian Bonner in Case and Comment, "exercises a power which we think is unique in the world, to pass upon the constitutionality of the statutes enacted by congress. It may thus suspend the execution of the resolutions lawfully adopted by both houses.

The French courts have the right to interpret the law. They cannot refuse to do so under protest that the law is not clear or that it is silent or insufficient. By so doing, the Judge becomes guilty of a misdemeanor called 'denial of justice' and he is punished by a fine and deprived of all civil rights for a period varying from five to twenty years. But no court in France, not even the court of cassation, has the power to decide whether a law passed by congress is unconstitutional or not."

Pepys and the Otaconicon.

As far back as 1665 experiments were being made with what savants called the "otaconicon," which brought distant sounds to the ear and was a far-off promise of the "long distance" and "wireless" messages of to-day. Samuel Pepys was abroad in those days, and, of course, he saw the new toy, tried it and mentions it in his diary. He went with Lord Brouncker to the Royal Society, and "here, to my great content, I did try the use of the otaconicon, which was only a great glass bottle broke at the bottom, putting the neck to my ear, and there I did plainly hear the dancing of the oars of the boats in the Thames to Arundel gallery window, which without it I could not in the least do."

Court Room Rerun.

Two young attorneys were wrangling for a long time before Judge Knox of Virginia over a point of law. His honor rendered his decision, and the sprit who had lost impudently remarked, "Your honor, there is a growing opinion that all the fools are not dead yet." "Certainly," answered the court, with shrilled good humor: "I quite agree with you, Mr. B., and congratulate you upon your healthy appearance."

Badly Matched.

Mrs. Yeast—This paper says the matching of colors has been brought down to an exact science by the invention of a machine for the purpose.

Mr. Yeast—You ought to get the people who run the store where you buy your hair to get one of those machines, dear.—Yonkers Statesman.

Very Trying.

"Dear sir," wrote the anxious mother, "I am afraid Johnny is not trying enough. He is the most trying boy in the class."

Power of Beauty.

Beauty gets the best of it. Poets, humane organizations, sentimentalists, make a great to-do about the bird that dies to adorn a woman's hat. But who has any sympathy for the bird whose neck is wrung to make a potpie?—Don Marquis.

Gastronomic Health.

"Pa, what is envy?"

"Envy, my boy, is what your millionaire uncle feels every time he hears you begging your mother for a second piece of pie." —Detroit Free Press.

The Object.

"Why do you write articles on how cheaply people can live if they try?"

"In the hope of getting enough money to avoid having to live that way." —Washington Star.

Romans and Beards.

The ancient Romans considered it effeminate to wear beards. All their busts, representing the famous men of olden times, are without beards.

No Weather is ill if the wind be still.

Spanish Proverb.